
DEAF
MUTES
FRIEND

1869

De Witt Fowley
Presented to
Mr. Olof Hanson,
Oct. 13. 1912

PRESENTED BY
Dr. Olof Hanson
1935

THE

Deaf-Mutes' Friend



"UNITED WE STAND; DIVIDED WE FALL."

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VOL. I.]

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[No. 1.]

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM B. SWETT.

INTRODUCTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN publishing the following work, it was at first intended to begin with Mr. Swett's early life, and sketch the principal incidents previous to his going to the White Mountains.

His early life, his travels, and the various inventions over which he spent years of time; the many obstacles he met; the manner in which he overcame them and other particulars, are very interesting, amusing and instructive.

Of them all the reader will be fully informed in due course of time; but at present the general desire appears to be to have the Mountain Adventures.

We shall, therefore, only make some remarks at present, sufficient to give our readers an idea of who Mr. Swett is, and of the general character of the work, that they may know what to expect.

Mr. Swett is a deaf-mute, a native and a resident of Henniker, N. H., and has many relatives who are also deaf-mutes, including his wife and one of his children. Being a deaf-mute, his work will treat but little, if at all, of *sounds*. It will be mainly apparent, as it progresses, that it is the experience of a man who used his eyes and muscles, but not his ears.

As far as possible, we shall relate the Adventures in the order in which they occurred, and they will be varied by the relation of such incidents as came under his observation, aside from his own personal experience.

The "Great Stone Face" or, as it is commonly called, "The Old Man of the Mountain," figures quite largely in the sketches, and is, indeed, the principal subject.

Mr. Swett, it will be seen, has probably looked the "Old Man" in the face more fully than any other person, and may be said to have fairly stared him out of countenance; hence, his opinions in regard to the durability and age of the

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"Profile" and some other matters, being based upon personal observation and actual examination, are entitled to some weight. Few, if any, will risk their necks, as he has done, merely to test the accuracy of his views.

It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Swett had not, combined with his love of adventure, a knowledge of Botany, Geology and Drawing, and hence failed to add anything to the two sciences named, and was unable to give so accurate an idea of the scenes and natural freaks on which his eyes have rested. However, it is rare to find a man in whom are combined so many desirable qualities.

This work will not pretend to be a "Guide" to the usually visited localities in the Mountains. It may speak of them more or less, and sometimes give directions for reaching them; but, as a general rule, will follow Mr. Swett, who, instead of following the beaten track of fashionable travel, and stereotyping the usual amount of enthusiasm and wonder, already rendered superfluous by other writers, preferred to "hobnob with adventure and entangle himself in the underbrush of variable circumstances;" to which end he struck off in directions previously untravelled and visited localities before unknown.

Whenever any description of a known locality is deemed advisable or necessary in connection with these sketches, such authorities as "Eastman's White Mountain Guide" and "The White Hills" will be followed. It has been truly said of the author of the last named book, the late lamented T. Starr King, that he "rendered it presumptuous for any one to attempt to describe what he so thoroughly and exhaustively delineated."

In compiling these sketches, which is done partly from Mr. Swett's written notes, and partly from his graphic personal descriptions of the various occurrences and localities, great care is taken to lose nothing of interest, to tell the story in as few words as will enable the reader to understand it, and to add nothing to it; in short, to preserve the ideas while clothing them in language of our own.

There may be some things said in the course of the narrative which do not appear to have any connection with it; but we prefer to let Mr. Swett tell the story in his own way, fearing that if we omit any such paragraph, we may afterwards regret it by reason of discovering a reference to it elsewhere.

It must be borne in mind that a large part of the sketches are not yet told or written and we cannot judge what is in reserve.

Mr. Swett being, as we have before remarked, a deaf-mute, gives much of the material in the colloquial "language of signs," the expressive and comprehensive language of the deaf-mutes, and we are obliged to translate it into English.

How well or ill this is done, is not for us to say; we will simply observe that, deaf ourself and educated at an Institution for the deaf and dumb, we can use and understand signs as well as we can the English Language.

It is impossible to say how long these sketches will last. Mr. Swett has spent several summers in the Mountains, and his first summer was the least interesting, as it took time to mature his plans and get acquainted with localities, in order to gratify his adventurous spirit and carry all things to a state of completeness, which last he says he has not done; that there still remain many parts of the mountain region which he has not visited, and knows of none who have.

He intends, at a future time, to continue his explorations, which will furnish more material to us, but we can promise our readers some months of entertainment from the material already on hand.

HOW I HAPPENED TO GO TO THE MOUNTAINS.

EARLY in the year 1865, the proprietors of the Profile House, in the Franconia Mountains, finding repairs and additions necessary to their hotel, advertised for a large gang of workmen.

I received a pressing invitation to go up and work. The wages were good and expenses paid both ways.

I hesitated,—there was work enough at home; I had never been out of work a single day, having always been sought for to do all kinds of work both in and out of town. I was acknowledged to be a skilful and steady workman. I hesitated, also, because my family and myself had been thrown into deep mourning by the recent death, from diptheria, of two of our children, our only boy and a girl; but after a few days of reflection and consultation with my family, I decided to go.

I may as well say here that, while the wages offered were very acceptable, they had not so much to do with my decision as had a desire to see a place of which I had heard so much, and an idea that there would be some chance to gratify my love of adventure.

Of adventure I subsequently had a good deal, as will be shown in the course of my story.

I notified several persons, who were waiting for me to do some work for them, that they must find some one else to do it, as I must go. They told me that they would wait until my return, and bidding my family good-bye, I was whirled away over the iron track,

At Concord, N. H., while waiting for the train from Boston, I noticed a strange looking old man in the Depot. His hair and beard were long and white, giving him a very patriarchal look.

The day was very cold, but he wore a straw hat and thin summer clothes, and his neck and feet were bare. He walked about with great activity, taking snuff frequently from a bladder which served him instead of a box. He looked sharply at every one and spoke to me once, but when I put a finger to my ear and shook my head, he walked away. I wondered who and what he was, and inclined to think him either insane or very odd. I have since seen him going about the streets of Concord barefooted and dressed in thin clothes when the snow lay a foot deep on the ground.

His name is Flagg; he lives in a log cabin at Pembroke, about fifteen miles from Concord. He professes to be a water-cure doctor and is about seventy-five years old.

Speculation on the various forms in which human nature crops out helped me to pass away the time till the train came along.

Before reaching Lake Village, the train stopped at a small station for a supply of wood and water. Here a very ragged and dirty little boy annoyed the passengers by passing up and down in the cars. Meeting the conductor, a large and powerful man, he pushed past him and would have gone out, but the conductor seized him and actually throw him out of a window upon a wood-car that was slowly moving in an opposite direction. This little incident made every one roar with laughter. The boy was not hurt, though he was probably somewhat frightened.

After passing Lake Village, I caught my first glimpse of the peak of Mt. Washington, the highest of all the White Mountains. Its summit was wrapped in snow, and its sublime appearance gave me much food for thought.

As we rode along, I caught occasional glimpses of sheets of water, and at last the broad and beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee lay before me. I no longer wondered at the name given it by the Indians, if as some say, it means "The Smile of the Great Spirit." It has been called the "Loch Lomond" of America.

Loch Lomond is a lake in Scotland, famous for its beauty, but it is generally admitted, by those who have seen both, that Winnepesaukee is the most beautiful of the two.

The late Hon. Edward Everett, speaking of a visit to this lake, said: "I have been something of a traveller in our own country,—though not so much as I could wish,—and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople,—from the summit of the Hartz Mountains to the Fountain of Vaucluse; but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weir's Landing to Centre Harbor."

At the Pemigewasset House, in Plymouth, where the train stopped for dinner, I met that prince of good fellows, Hiram Bell, Esq., the landlord of the Hotel; formerly the well known and popular landlord of the Profile House. It was to him that I was indebted for the invitation to go and work in the Mountains.

The deaf-mutes who composed the party which visited the Profile House and went up Mt. Lafayette, in 1858, will remember Mr. Bell as a liberal hearted man and a genial friend. I shall elsewhere give an account of the adventures of this party, in connection with my own.

As the train neared Well's River, I was standing at the car door, looking out, and saw one of the car wheels fly off and roll down the bank. The next instant there was a terrible jarring; the stove pipe was shaken out and the passengers were thrown into confusion. I could hardly keep my feet, and concluded that I should be killed.

Some one gave the signal to "brake up" by pulling the cord that ran through the train, and it was stopped without accident. After this we moved slowly to the next stopping-place, where the damaged car was removed and the train sped on.

In due time I reached Littleton, from which place are stages to all parts of the Mountains. I was so anxious to secure a seat on the top of the stage, that I climbed upon it first and gave orders about my baggage afterwards,

Our six stout horses carried us along at a good rate; on the way I had a fine view of the Mountains. One of the passengers pointed out Mt. Lafayette to me. The day was clear and I could see that snow was falling on the mountain top, while below it was the vast, black ravine in which I afterwards nearly lost my life, of which I tell in the proper place.

After passing Franconia, noted for its iron mine and as being one of the coldest places in the country, we saw a snow-storm coming down upon us and, for a few moments, it completely enveloped and blinded us; when it cleared away, Mt. Lafayette looked more majestic than before in its mantle of white.

All symptoms of life, except ourselves, soon disappeared and for some miles the road was through a gloomy forest and at the end of this we arrived at the Profile House.

Few of us having been prepared for the storm and cold, the fire and a hot supper were very welcome indeed.

My signs and gestures and my little slate, of which I made free use in talking with my companions, soon attracted the attention of the company, to most of whom a deaf-mute was evidently a new thing. One man in particular, an Irishman, who was seated in a corner, smoking a pipe, after eyeing me intently for some time, approached me, laid a hand on my shoulder, looked me in the face, and then, making the sign of the cross, he nodded, went back to his seat and resumed his pipe, apparently satisfied that it was all right. I could not help smiling at his behavior, and did not know what to think of it, but have since concluded that it was his way either of getting acquainted or of expressing sympathy.

I retired to bed, but could not sleep; my new situation and my own thoughts kept me awake, I could feel the house shake from the action of the wind, which was blowing hard and, gathering extraordinary strength from compression in its passage through the Notch, struck with great force upon the Hotel, which although a very large building, shook like a person with the ague.

In the morning I was quite sick, having caught a bad cold in my ride from Littleton. After breakfast I felt better and took a walk; the mountains, trees, rocks and everything were covered with ice, the effect of the frost-clouds during the night, and in the rays of the rising sun everything glittered and glowed with all the colors of the rainbow. It was a magnificent sight; I thought of the fairy scenes in the "Arabian Nights."

The scene increased in beauty as the sun rose higher, till the frost-work began to dissolve in the warmth, and in a short time everything had returned to its usual dark and sombre hue.

My next thought was to visit the "Great Stone Face," "The Old Man of the Mountain."

To be continued.

A GOOD STORY.

An anecdote, worth laughing at, is told of a man who had an infirmity, as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty even while enjoying his favorite meal; and while making a bill with his merchant, while his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a cod-fish under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover the theft and the merchant at once perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal and have always paid you up honestly and promptly, have I not?"

"Oh, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, "I always insist that honesty is the best policy and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant, and the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend,"—cried the merchant,—"*speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter cod-fish.*"

Miscellany.

THERE IS NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay.
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away!

SPEECH OF THE FINGERS IN ITALY.

EVERY writer upon Italy has alluded to Italian gesticulation, or-sign making. Some have spoken of it as a language distinct from speech and often used without it, —some as a universal language, as a poetical, graceful and fascinating medium by which one can talk faster than by words.

In old Roman times, when combats between gladiators (fighting men) were often held in the theatres, if one man fell, the other looked around upon the assembled people to know whether to kill him or not. The people held out their hands with the thumbs up or down, as they pleased. The thumbs down meant "death," the thumbs up meant "life." To extend the middle or little finger meant scorn or defiance. This sign is still used every day in Rome.

There are several signs used by the Italians which are of interest as illustrations of English expressions. We speak of a miser as "a griping man." Italians express the same idea by a doubled fist with the fingers curled very close to the palm of the hand. We say, "a fig for one," by way of contempt. Italians thrust out the fore-finger and little finger, calling the sign by a name which sounds very much like *fig*. The English phrase "turn up the nose

at," is translated into Italian by doing the thing itself; the phrase possibly originated in the sign. The mouth kissing the hand,—by which Job describes a kind of idolatry,—is a flattery practised by every servant in Italy.

The phrase "hand over hand" exactly describes the Italian motion to express the idea of doing a thing rapidly. The expression, "to look between bars," meaning, to be in prison, is fully illustrated by the Italians, who cross both hands before the eyes with the fingers spread apart to make a grate. To cover the eyes with the hand, the fingers closed, denotes modesty.

To get money is the chief end and object of every Italian with whom travellers have anything to do. The signs and gestures which the beggars, who everywhere abound, use to extort a few coppers from the pockets of travellers are truly expressive and eloquent. They fall on their knees and clasp their hands together and the look of supplication is hardly needed to tell their wants. If a traveller will give nothing and wishes the beggar so to understand, he blows on his hand and shows it, wide open, to the petitioner, or he elevates one fore-finger, shaking it gently to and fro. To speak of paying money, the motion is that of putting something, piece by piece, from one hand into the other. This sign is, however, far less expressive than that used by a man who wants money, but cannot make up a face to beg it, which is, to rub the thumb and fore-finger together, at the same time stretching out the hand.

Perplexity is shown by the open hand shaken before the forehead, as if the brain was agitated; captivity, by arms hanging down with wrists together or crossed, and a priest by palms laid together before the breast and eyes fixed on heaven or earth.

If one would speak of marriage, he pretends to put a ring on the ring-finger, or lays his two fore-fingers side by side; yet this last is more commonly used in speaking of any union or harmony, while the ends of the middle fingers touching each other and all the other fingers closed, are a sign of opposition and enmity. Writing is signified by motions of the right hand on the left, as if the latter were paper; an eye-glass by a circle around the eye.

He who would speak of a woman draws his hands down his cheeks and under his chin; and he who puts his finger on his lower lip is understood to feel some new objection to a previous plan.

A fist clenched, with the thumb thrust out under the fore-finger, is a Florentine challenge. The fore-finger on the forehead denotes either effort of thought or force of talent.—laid over the mouth, it enjoins silence; raised, it is as much as to say a thing is to be praised to the skies.

The thumb, held under the chin means necessity; pushed against the heart with a stern look means murder; and the open hand pressed against the heart with a sigh means love.

The open hand tapping against the side means hunger; laid under the chin, sleep; stretched out with the fingers up, bids to stop or wait; stretched out horizontally and gently shaken, intimates that a thing is neither very good nor very bad.

A man who puts his finger behind his ear, or who sticks out his chin and parts the lips, wishes to have something repeated which he has not well understood; his hand waved under his chin is a sign of indifference; both hands with fingers apart and palms forward, raised on each side of the head mean doubt; held down by the thighs say, "that's none of my business;" the fingers gathered on the mouth, kissed and spread out, mean something nice.

A man, convinced that others wish to impose on him and wishing to tell them that he is not deceived, points a finger at his eye, as if to say, "my eye is wide open and sees what you are about." If he wishes, however, to show only suspicion, he draws down one lower eye-lid with his finger, which is to say, "let me open my eyes a little wider."

This list or dictionary of signs might be extended to still greater limits, but the specimens given will show the language of signs as used by the Italians, either among themselves, or in conversing with foreigners, to resemble, in many particulars, that used by the deaf-mutes of America, and that, when *words* cannot be understood between two individuals of different nations there is a universal way in which they can, at least, express their more immediate wants, although they may be prevented from discoursing on more abstract things. *

TELL YOUR WIFE.

If you are in trouble or in a quandary, tell your wife—if you have one—all about it at once. In almost any case she will see the way out of it sooner than yourself. The wit of woman has been justly praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Consult with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness.

Men too generally think that women know little, if anything, of other than purely womanly matters. No one who is well acquainted with them thinks so. They have finer insight, and if they cannot see a "cat in the meal," it is very certain that there is no cat there. In counselling a man to tell his troubles to his wife, we would also advise him never to have any secrets from her. Many homes have been happily saved, and many fortunes made, by the full confidence of men in their wives.

We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and all his hopes. She will check what is wrong in his impulses, and set his judgment right by her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" is no empty title, when applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. What she most craves and most deserves is confidence—without which love is never free from shadows.

HOW SMALL EXPENSES COUNT.

FIVE cents each morning, A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents a week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family. \$18 25 each year. This amount invested in a savings-bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon, at six per cent, computed annually, would, in twenty years amount to more than \$670. Enough to buy a good farm in the West.

FIVE cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper; you would scarcely miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day; \$1 05 per week. Enough to buy wife or daughter a dress. \$54 60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before and in twenty years you would have over two thousand dollars. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot and furnish them well.

TEN cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or spool of thread. Seventy cents a week; it would buy several yards of muslin. \$36 50 in one year. With it you could get a suit of good clothes. Deposit this amount as before and you would have \$1,340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune.

TEN cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a good book for the children. \$2 10 per week; enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109 20 per year. It would buy a good melodeon, on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while away the evening hours; and this amount, invested as before, would, in forty years, produce the desirable fortune of twelve thousand, nine hundred dollars.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be happy youth, lead sober lives, and be wealthy and influential men, instead of wasting your extra change, invest it in a library or a savings bank.

If you would be miserable youth, lead drunken lives, abuse your children grieve your wives, be wretched and despicable beings while you live, and finally go down to dishonored graves, take your extra change and invest it in a drinking saloon, or in tobacco.—*Am. Phrenological Journal*.

X AT an English court a deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and told a lawyer to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "His lordship wants to know what you will take," bawled the lawyer in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," replied the ancient dame; "and if it is no inconvenience to him, I will take a little warm ale."

X AN ARMY ANECDOTE.

A SOLDIER, having determined to escape from the service, decided to pretend to be deaf. The surgeons suspected that he was deceiving them, and they tried to catch him in many ways; but were unsuccessful. So well had the soldier trained himself, that, even when a pistol was snapped in the room where he was asleep, he did not seem alarmed or disturbed. At length he was brought before a medical board for discharge; but the doctor asked to be allowed to try to catch him once more, and his request was granted.

The man was, as he thought, fairly examined, and was given his discharge paper. Although he could not read, yet he knew the value of the paper he held; for all his schemes had succeeded and his discharge was insured. He left the board-room. As he joyfully walked off, a door was gently opened, and a voice, in a whisper, enquired,—

“Is it all right, Bob?”

“All right,” said the deaf man.

“Have you got your discharge, Bob?” whispered the same voice.

“Here it is, my boy,” said Bob, as he approached the door; expecting to meet a confederate.

“Let me see your discharge,” said a sergeant, as he opened the door. “Oh, I see it is blank, not filled up, and not signed. You are my prisoner, on a charge of pretending deafness.”

Bob was at once as deaf as a post; but it was too late. Two surgeons were in the room, and had been witnesses to how well Bob heard when he believed himself a free man. He was tried for his offence, received a heavy punishment and came out of prison a wiser man.

EALY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—Thelwall thought it was not right to influence a child's mind by teaching it any opinions before it should be old enough to choose and judge for itself. “I showed him my garden,” says Coleridge, “and told him it was my botanical garden.” “How so,” said he, “it is covered with weeds.” “O,” I replied, “*that* is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, as you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it not right for me to prejudice the soil in favor of roses and strawberries.”

The great truths of religion should be taught so early that the mind will never remember when it began to learn, or when it was without this knowledge. Whenever it looks back upon any period of its existence, these truths should always seem to have been known; to be like native or inborn principles; to have been woven into its nature, and to constitute a part of its current thinking.

DESPISE NOT SMALL THINGS.

A country-man was once taking a walk with his son. As they walked slowly along, the father suddenly stopped.

"Look," he said, "there is a bit of iron, a piece of a horse-shoe; pick it up and put it in your pocket."

"It is not worth stooping for," answered the child.

The father said no more, but picked up the iron and put it in his pocket.

When they came to a village, the father entered a black-smith's shop and sold the iron. With the money he bought some cherries, and the two then continued their walk. The sun was burning hot, and neither house, tree, or water was in sight. The son soon complained of being tired and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step.

Perceiving that his boy was tired, the father dropped a cherry, as if by accident. The boy stooped, picked it up, and ate it. A little farther on, the father dropped another and the boy picked it up as eagerly as before. Thus they continued; the father dropping the fruit and the son picking it up.

When the last cherry was dropped and eaten, the father turned to the boy and said, "See! my son, if you had chosen to stoop once to pick up the bit of iron, you would not have been obliged, at last, to stoop so many times to pick up the cherries."

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.—In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose, as though you were determined to succeed. A fickle mind never accomplished any thing worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature and insures your success. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honors? Who have raised themselves from poverty to riches? Those who were steady to their purpose. The man who is one thing to-day and another to-morrow—who drives an idea one week and lets it drive him the next—is always in trouble and does just nothing from one end of the year to the other. Look at and admire the man of steady purpose. He moves noiselessly along and yet, what wonders he accomplishes: He rises slowly, but surely. The heavens are not too high for him, neither are the stars beyond his reach. How worthy of imitation!

REV. MR. NEWTON, when in old age, and his memory nearly gone, used to say that, forget what he might, he never forgot two things,—first, that he was a great sinner,—second, that Jesus Christ was a great Saviour. Two most important things to remember.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Yesterday witnessed, at the Second Presbyterian Church, corner of Main and Beale streets, an unusual and beautifully impressive ceremony; the marriage of Mr. Henry J. Haight, of New York City, to Miss Mollie L. Church, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. B. Church, of this city, the groom and bride both being mutes. The ceremony was performed in the sign-language by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church, in New York, who came South for the purpose.

The invited friends of Capt. and Mrs. Church began to assemble long before the appointed hour—eleven o'clock—and the church was filled to its utmost capacity with a choice selection of the beauty, fashion and intellect of the city. At eleven o'clock a line of carriages, conveying the nuptial party, arrived at the church. The attendants entered the door and passed up the aisle in the following order:

Miss Emma Topp and Mr. Wm. A. Gwyn; Miss Jennie Molloy and Capt. R. S. Bugg, of Nashville; Miss Corinne Cleaves and Mr. Wm. Bowles; Miss Lulu Bugg and Mr. Charles S. Newell, a mute; Miss Florence Bugg and Mr. Haight, brother of the bridegroom. The bride rested on the arm of her father and Mrs. Church on the arm of the bridegroom. The head of the aisle was spanned by a beautiful archway of flowers, and the sacred desk and candelabra on either side were tastefully dressed in wreaths of evergreen and rare flowers. The four front seats, reserved for the immediate family friends, were marked by a heavy white cord.

The attendants passed under the arch, the ladies to the left and the gentlemen to the right. The bride and groom stood under the floral rainbow and the parents of the bride next to them. The bride, now the object of all eyes, never looked more sweet and angelic. She has the face of a Madonna, a peculiarly spiritual expression, which speaks of a pure, refined soul.

No earthly music ever fell upon her ear, but her soul is attuned to diviner melodies—

"Such as when winds and harp strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

The bridesmaids looked lovely enough to be brides themselves, and were dressed in elegant taste, wearing rich white silk dresses, with very long trails, and white veils of half length. The bride was dressed in white satin, with an elegant tulle veil and a wreath of pure white orange blossoms.

When all were in their places, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, attired in the vestments of the Episcopal clergy, began immediately to read the beautiful and solemn marriage service of the church. At the conclusion of each section he would repeat the same in the sign language of the mutes and the responses were made in like manner. The only variation from the Episcopal form which

could be observed was the omission of the kneeling service and laying on of hands. The entire ceremony was little longer than usual, and was witnessed in profound silence and interest by the large and brilliant assembly.

At the conclusion, the newly married couple led the way to the door, and the congregation remained standing perfectly quiet. To make the description more full we might have mentioned that the groomsmen were tastefully dressed in suits of black cloth, with white gloves and neck-ties, and each one wore a very pretty white rosette on the facing of the left coat-collar.

We understand that the groom and bride left, yesterday afternoon, for a bridal tour to New Orleans. From thence they go to New York to live permanently. The bride was a great favorite in society here. Her beauty, child-like simplicity, ease of manners and dignified womanly graces won sincere friends wherever she was known. The gentleman she has married, like herself, has enjoyed all the advantages of education, of mental and moral development that money could secure, or kind, ingenious friends conceive.

This alliance is one of the most interesting social events that ever occurred in Memphis, not only from the peculiar mental and physical conditions involved, but from the high family connection and position in society of both parties. Hundreds of hearts unite in wishing the young and happy couple a continuation of joy and prosperity through life.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche, Nov. 19.*

HOLD ON.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or to use any improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue, for it is above all price to you at all times and in all places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and always will be, your best wealth.

— If they say you are good, ask yourself if it is true.

— Life is half spent before we know what it is.

Religious Department.

THE VOICES OF WISDOM.

A BRIEF RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE,

"Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets. She standeth on the top of high places: she crieth at the gates; at the entry of the city."
Proverbs 1: 20. and 8: 2—3.

Wisdom is here personified and commissioned to speak in the name of the Great Author of all wisdom and truth;—as if a bright, noble princess were sent from the court of Heaven to proclaim a message from her glorious king to his erring subjects in this rebellious province of his great kingdom.

How earnestly she speaks! How zealously she endeavours to herald the message from her king and secure the attention of those to whom she brings it.

"Unto you, O, men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of man. O, ye simple, understand wisdom, and ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart. Hear, for I will speak of excellent things, and the opening of my lips shall be of right things, Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold, For wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

The voice of wisdom is the voice of God. It speaks to us in various ways.

1. It speaks to us in the works of Creation and Providence.
2. It speaks to us in the events of History and in the incidents of our daily life.
3. It speaks to us, yet more plainly, in the language of God's revealed word.

Let us listen to the voices of wisdom.

1. It speaks to us in the works of Creation all around us.

It speaks to us from the bright, glorious orbs that move and shine in the firmament above us—from the earth on which we tread—from the deep ocean, full of unfathomable mystery—from the mountain tops piercing the clouds—from the dark caves far below the earth's surface—from every tree of the wide-spread forests and every leaf and flower upon the measureless prairies. Rocks, hills, valleys and plains, all creatures animate and all things inanimate, in silence and in sounds of infinite variety, speak forth to man, the offspring of God, the instructions of wisdom.

Let us listen to the voices of wisdom.

The darkness and silence of night teach us wisdom.

From the deep darkness and silence of night preceding each day wisdom seems to speak to the proud and the self-confident ones among men, saying: "Boast not yourselves of your own great knowledge and wisdom. What do ye know of the past? Where were you when the foundations of the earth

were laid? Ye proud, self-confident inventors of new and wonderful things, think not too highly of your skill and your power. Be humble in the presence of Him who planned the Universe! You creatures of a day, beginners in science and art, think of the eternal mysteries of the past. Be humble. Be thankful. Remember your dependence upon Him from whom you derived your skill. Reverence, worship and serve the God of Eternity."

From *the day* succeeding the night, wisdom seems to say to the dwellers on the earth, "Look at yonder sun. Behold his glories and think of Him who at first, in the darkness of Chaos, said: "Let there be light," and there was light. Praise Him who giveth light to those who dwell in darkness. As the sun steadily pursues his course through the sky from morning to evening, dispensing the blessings of light and heat to all people of all lands, so pursue you your course of daily duty, endeavouring to fill up your days with usefulness in doing good to all whom you can bless. The night cometh, when no man can work. Be thankful for the day.

Let us listen to the voices of wisdom.

From the cold season of winter, when frost and snow, storm and ice, hold dominion over all the land, and the pale mantle of death is cast over the face of nature, the voice of wisdom seems to say to the trembling, pallid inhabitants of this sinful world, "The wages of sin is death." and death must conquer all that live and breathe in this rebellious world. But look at the beautiful evergreen boughs of yonder unwithering trees! and behold the mercy of your savior God. Ye who mourn for sin, and are saddened at the prospect of death, while yet ye trust in a sin-pardoning, life-giving Redeemer. There is hope for you. There is a region of immortal life where death is never known and everliving, everlasting joys abound. Hope, trust and obey, and this immortal life shall be yours."

B.

(To be continued.)

FOUR TEXTS WITH WHICH TO BEGIN THE YEAR.

"Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." Gen. 47: 9. Jacob was one hundred and thirty years old when he said this; so short does life seem when we look back upon it.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Psalm 90: 12. You perceive that *days*, not *years*, are spoken of here. We have only a single day given us at a time.

"Brethren, the time is short." 1 Cor. 7: 29. May God incline our hearts to remember and regard this truth!

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. 27: 1. We know not how soon we may die. Those are best fit to live who are best prepared for death.

THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Editor.

JANUARY, 1869.

SALUTATORY.

We send forth the first number of our new magazine, "THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND," with hopes of its success and prayers for its usefulness among its readers.

It gives us great pleasure once more to be in communication with the hosts of friends and acquaintances which we have made in the past and we hope to make the pleasure mutual.

For over a year we have been receiving letters from mutes and their friends in all parts of the country, saying that a paper was greatly needed which should be devoted to the true interests of the deaf and dumb and an organ of communication between the widely scattered thousands who once shared the same games and studies at the various Institutions for their class which exist in nearly every State in the Union, thereby keeping alive the friendships of former years and giving information of the welfare of each and all.

We were asked why we did not start such a paper, and were assured of support if we would do so.

We hoped at some day to be able to gratify our friends, and for a long time, have had such arrangements made as would enable us to seize the first opportunity for a beginning.

Some months ago a number of influential mutes in New Hampshire, who had been among the most earnest in the desire for a new paper, clubbed together and subscribed a sum of money sufficient to insure a good start. The money was deposited with Mr. Wm. B. Swett, who was instructed to engage us to attend to the Editorial department, while he should attend to the general management of the affair.

We gladly accepted the trust, and at once commenced operations. Our circulars were sent all over the country; arrangements were made with agents, contributors, and correspondents; and a good, reliable man was engaged to do the printing.

The many letters we have since received have all contained words

of cheer and encouragement, and most of the writers have supported their good words with good Cash,

We were promised a support if we would undertake to conduct a paper of the right kind, and we shall do our best to make our Magazine a true friend to our deaf and dumb brothers and sisters, by fairly and impartially considering and discussing all subjects of true interest and usefulness to them which may be offered by our friends, and contributing to their intellectual improvement, religious instruction and general information by an attractive style, plain language and a suitable variety of reading.

Toward the last end—variety—we request all our friends to do all they can, when they write, by expressing themselves in as few words as will enable the reader to fully understand them.

Several well known persons are already engaged as contributors and correspondents, and we shall engage more as fast as possible.

We desire a good correspondent in every Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and in every large city where there is a number of deaf-mutes, who shall keep us informed of all that happens in their respective localities which may interest the mute community.

There are Associations of deaf-mutes, either Religious or Literary, in several of our large cities and if their Secretaries will favor us with reports of their meetings and other items, they will much help the general interest of the FRIEND. We also desire all of our readers to send us anything which they may think of interest, and we will make such use of their contributions as we can.

There are many among our class whose ideas, if written, would be of much interest, but who are afraid to write lest they should not be understood by those not accustomed to the peculiar expressions often used by mutes. To all such we would kindly say—Write whatever you know, feel, or think, which you consider of interest; we will make all necessary corrections and thank you for doing what you can.

We desire to make our magazine a welcome monthly visitor wherever it goes and we want all the help we can get to make it so.

To all our readers we wish "A HAPPY NEW YEAR," and so long as the FRIEND is supported shall we try each month to contribute something to the individual happiness and general interest of all.

SUBSCRIBERS in Canada must send us *twenty cents extra*, as we have to pre-pay the postage on their magazines.

ON Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th, about forty of the deaf mutes of Boston and vicinity visited "The Pilgrim," a magnificent series of very large paintings, designed to illustrate the various stages of the Christian life as described in "Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress."

The "Pilgrim" has now been on exhibition for nearly two months in Boston, and Tremont Temple has been nightly thronged with audiences which have been entertained and instructed by its vivid illustrations of the Christian life, and the graphic and eloquent lecture with which the proprietor, J. W. Baine, Esq., accompanies it.

It is unanimously voted to be the most excellent of all the moral and religious entertainments which have been given in Boston.

The paintings are the work of the best artists both in Europe and America, and are works of rare beauty and thrilling magnificence. To be fully appreciated, they must be seen.

The "Transition Scene," with which the exhibition closes, is truly grand and beautiful and is alone worth the price of admission.

The sole object and purport of the whole entertainment is to encourage, to lift up and to cheer all who may behold it. To remind each one of the all-importance of leading a truly Christian life, also, showing the trials and temptations of this life; and, finally, to impress firmly and clearly upon the minds of all, the imperishable glory and victory which is awarded to every faithful follower of Christ.

The deaf mutes are under great obligations to Mr. Baine, and will doubtless remember the occasion with interest. Their comprehension of the Paintings was greatly aided by the efforts of a hearing gentleman, son of one of the mutes present, who translated such parts of the lecture as he was able into signs.

"THE Epsilon Sigma Society of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," is a society, composed of graduates and members of the High Class of the Institution, which has been in existence about three years. The object of the society, to quote from the Constitution, is "to promote generally the interests and success of our Alma Mater, and the moral, intellectual and physical welfare of the Deaf and Dumb; and, more particularly, to advance the literary, moral and social interests of its members; to strengthen and perpetuate the ties of friendship formed during their association as members of the High Class; and by mutual sympathy and counsel to aid its members in all good works, and encourage them amid all the trials, temptations and discouragements, which in common with, or more than, their fellow men, they may meet."

The roll of members embraces many of the most intelligent, and influential deaf and semi-mutes in the country.

We shall report the progress and prospects of this and other societies as we may be able.

SWETT'S GREAT WORK OF ART.

THE FAC-SIMILE OF THE "OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN."

Mr. Wm. B. Swett, an ingenious deaf mute, who has been employed, for several summers, at the Profile House, in the Franconia Mountains, and who is noted for his many adventures among them, produced during the summer of 1866, a remarkable work, "A Fac-simile of the Great Stone Face."

It was made from actual measurement taken at great risk of life and limb, he having been on the Brow fifteen times and said to be the first and perhaps the only man who ever ventured on the Chin to get a correct view of the rocks which constitute the face.

The fact is not generally known that the "Profile" is produced, not by the edge of one rock, but by the accidental grouping of a number of rocks at various distances from each other.

The front of the top of the precipice, which is about sixteen hundred feet high, is a group of rocks one hundred feet in breadth and eighty feet high. The Nose is forty feet from the Forehead. The Mouth, which seems an opening of two thin lips, is a sidelong chasm or break of fifty feet in extent. Viewed from the front the Profile disappears, and can, indeed, only be seen from one point.

A large number of copies of the "Model" have been sent every year to various parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have never failed to give great satisfaction.

It is one of the most attractive objects that can be placed in the parlor.

Large sized Models, 18x22 inches have been placed in the Rooms of the Massachusetts and Connecticut Historical Societies, and the Press and the people unite in pronouncing it a splendid work of art, deserving of high praise for its fidelity to nature and worthy of an extended patronage.

The Model has been exhibited at various State and County Fairs and in every instance a diploma has been awarded to Mr. Swett.

The Models are made of calcined Plaster, colored to nature, and are sent by Express carefully boxed. For prices and sizes of the Models, see Mr. Swett's advertisement on the last page.

NEARLY a year ago, the Poor-House in Dixmont, Me., was destroyed by fire, and one old woman perished in the flames.

Levi Jack, a deaf-mute and one time a pupil at Hartford, then an inmate of the Poor-House, was suspected of setting the fire.

He was put on trial, and is said to have pleaded "guilty" although, as there was no interpreter, we fail to see how justice was done. He was sentenced to be hung, but on the matter being represented to Gov. Chamberlain of Me., a board of physicians were sent to examine Jack, and pronounced him of unsound mind and not responsible for his mis-deeds. His sentence has therefore been changed to confinement in the Insane Asylum for life.

WE learn that Edward C. Stone, son of Rev. Collins Stone, Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., has been called to take charge of the Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Delavan.

We have personal memories of Rev. Collins Stone as a strict disciplinarian and a thorough teacher, and if his son inherits and practices his father's virtues, the Wisconsin Institution may congratulate itself on such a head.

WE understand that John Carlin, Esq., the mute Artist, has been engaged for some time on a new Christmas book for young folks, to be called "The Scratch-sides Family." From its title, we judge it to be a humorous work.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As a general rule, we shall answer the letters we receive, other than strictly business ones, in this department. If an answer by mail is desired to a letter which asks for information outside of business matters, it can be had by enclosing a stamp to pay return postage.]

Three cents is a small sum to pay for one, but if we were to mail answers to all letters we receive, it would cost us many dollars. We shall always be happy to give any information in our power, subject only to the above condition.

All persons, either subscribers or correspondents, will please write name, town, county and state plainly and fully; this will prevent mistakes and save much trouble. In case of removal, let us know immediately, giving both present and former place of residence.]

J. T.—We think you are right in changing your mind on the matter under proposal. Let us hear from you on other matters as often as possible.

Mr. S. says that the *avalanche* or earth-slide you speak of is often greatly exceeded in size by those in the mountains.

C. A. B.—All right. Will write you about the necessary arrangements shortly.

G. S.—We have nothing to do with the periodical you mention and cannot answer your question. The publisher *can* but it is doubtful if he *will*.

OUTIS.—Should be glad to know of your place of residence. Would have written before now but did not know where to direct a letter. Would be happy to have you resume your old post, if you are in a position to do so.

J. S. W.—Will send the bundle as requested and write you fully as soon as we get the necessary data.

MANAYUNK.—Have been obliged to delay sending, but will do so soon. Keep till called for by authority.

*—Have found it impossible to communicate yet. You will stand "alone in your glory" *this* time, but we will see that you have company in future. You will notice some change, and can decide on the merits of the case for yourself.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

November 27, 1868.

MR. EDITOR:—According to agreement, I send you some items of news from this Institution and vicinity.

On the 16th inst. the celebrated explorer, Mons. Du Chaillu, delivered a lecture before the "Deaf Mute Literary Association of New York," in the basement hall of St. Ann's Church. His subject was, of course, the famous monster ape, the Gorilla, and its kind. Prof. I. L. Peet attended to translate the lecture, during its delivery, in his clear and graceful signs.

On the 18th, the third nine of the "Fanwood Base-ball Club" played a match game with a Club composed of the students of the French Institute, about half a mile from the Institution, on the grounds of the latter. The Fanwoods were victorious, after a very spirited contest, by a score of 50 to 48.

On the 18th, we were favored with a visit from Dr. Alex. Melville Bell, the celebrated inventor of Visible Speech, (which is a new alphabet in which the forms of the letters are made to represent or suggest, according to certain general analogies, [or resemblances] the position of the vocal organs in uttering them.) Dr. Bell gave a lecture to us all in the Chapel, and Prof. Peet translated for us. We have one of his books, and one or two of us mean to master his alphabet and see if there is any use in it. He thinks it will be particularly useful in teaching deaf-mutes to speak—saying that his son is now teaching deaf-mutes to articulate, in a private school in London, by the aid of this alphabet. The beauty of it is, that it is devised to represent accurately all the sounds that can be uttered by the human voice. There are no silent letters, and the same letter has always the same sound. In my judgment, however, as at present advised, I think all the benefit of it may be attained, at least so far as teaching deaf-mutes to articulate is concerned, without the trouble of learning an entirely new alphabet, not to be used except in the school-room, by merely employing the letters of the usual alphabet with the marks added to them in pronouncing dictionaries, and spelling the words as they are pronounced.

Speaking of articulation, we are about to try an experiment. The Directors have appointed, as a special teacher of articulation, a physician of thorough education and tried professional skill, Dr. Orrick Metcalfe of this city. It is expected that, besides teaching a class in articulation, he will give much attention to an examination of the ears of the pupils, especially of those who are only partially deaf, to ascertain if there are not some cases in which

medical skill can restore or ameliorate the faculty of hearing. He will also make a study of the causes and means of prevention of deafness.

If Dr. Metcalfe meets as much success as is hoped, this will become a permanent feature in our Institution. The deaf-mutes, however, must not indulge in any very high raised hopes of restoration to hearing. The result of such efforts by the ablest physicians of Europe has been one doubtful case of benefit to a thousand failures—but Dr. Metcalfe hopes to immortalize his name by some great discovery in Medical Science or Aural Surgery.

On the 19th inst. the 74th birthday of the venerable H. P. Peet, L. L. D. was celebrated in the Institution by a storm of congratulations, and at his house by a family re-union of a few relatives and friends. I may send you more about it.

Our Thanksgiving came off yesterday with all the customary observances. The Principal, I. L. Peet, gave us a very eloquent Thanksgiving sermon in the Chapel, in his pantomime, which, in fluency, clearness, grace and eloquence, is surpassed by that of no living teacher. His text was Psalm C: 3, 4, 5

The dinner was superb. Oysters, the inevitable stuffed and roasted turkey, and three kinds of pie were the main attractions. The other customary additions were, of course, not wanting. The morning was stormy, but the sun came out gloriously at noon.

In the evening the boys eagerly availed themselves of the privilege given on such occasions, of entering the spacious and well lighted sitting room of the girls, where, for the next two hours, might have been seen a throng of happy lads and lasses, now whirling in the dance, now promenading the room arm in arm, now running in eager chase and shy flight, now playing more quiet games, happy enough to be together. As the evening wore on, the throng thinned down to a few couples who seemed loth to part company; but the time came for all to retire, the gas was shut off; and probably some of them lived over the evening again in their dreams.

A few days since one of our pupils, Charles V. Bodine, a little boy of nine, one of four deaf-mutes in the same family, was heedlessly playing in the street, when the tender of a steam fire-engine came rushing along in hot haste, (to a false alarm of fire, it is said.) The little boy was knocked down and run over, receiving severe injuries about the head and face. The doctor, however, thinks he is doing well and will recover. I hope this sad accident will be a warning to our pupils to be careful how they go into the public street. They have plenty of room for exercise and recreation in our own grounds. We think in this case, however, that the driver was very careless.

Last Saturday we had an eloquent and interesting Lecture, in signs, before the "Fanwood Literary Association," by one of our deaf-mute teachers, Mr. Rowland B. Lloyd. His subject was "The Lost Star, or the Rise of a False Religion," one of Bulwer's best stories. It is in the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." A few weeks ago, this Association held a debate on the question: "Which was the most wonderful woman, Queen Semiramis or Queen Cleopa-

tra?" decided for the latter. To-morrow evening they are to debate the question, "Has the invention of fire-arms benefitted the world?"

This Association has resolved to make a vigorous effort to procure a good Library for the use of its members.

Our Institution is now full to overflowing. We have four hundred and eighty-nine pupils on our list; two hundred and eighty-three boys and two hundred and six girls. More will probably come. We have new applications by letter every few days, but except in very urgent cases, always advise them to wait till next year, when we will have more room.

To get the more room, so urgently wanted, we have men at work putting up a range of shops, to be a brick building of one hundred feet by forty, and three stories high. It is estimated to cost eighteen thousand dollars. When it is completed, we shall gain for other purposes the rooms in the basement of the school-house now occupied as shops, and shall have much more spacious and convenient shop rooms; and room also for additional trades, say printing and book-binding.

You have probably received, already, an account of the grand wedding in Memphis, Tenn., on the 18th inst.; the parties being two graduates of this Institution. The occasion seems to have driven the excitable Southerners wild.

We have recently had a very desirable addition to our corps of teachers, in the person of Miss Catharine Blauvelt, who graduated from this Institution in 1852, I think. She has been a teacher at Hartford for some years.

J. R. B.

THANKSGIVING AT THE INDIANA INSTITUTE.

THANKSGIVING day was duly observed at this Institution by the suspension of school and other various daily pursuits and the substituting of more suitable emblems of thankfulness in their places. Its approach was hailed alike by officers, teachers and pupils as a day when the busy, active cares of daily life would be laid aside and all could meet together in glad communion, and in the Chapel unite in giving thanks unto God for the aid he has rendered and the blessings which he has showered upon them during the past year. The somewhat monotonous confinement in the school; the hard, dry lessons to be conned over, could be left behind, and all could give themselves up to the pleasures of the hour.

The ceremonies of the day were opened by religious services in the Chapel. Mr. Sidney J. Vail, a graduate of the New York Institution, and now a teacher of his silent brethren here, officiating. He began by reading of Psalm lxx. 9-13. He then followed in an eloquent address of an hour and a quarter's length. It was gracefully delivered in the beautiful pantomime

of signs, and the close attention given by the audience throughout its entire delivery, showed that they fully appreciated its appropriateness and its worth. I will not mar its beauty by any extracts or dissertations, but will leave the reader to form his own estimate of its merits from the outline which will be found below,

In all other Institutions, so I have been informed, a deaf-mute is never permitted to officiate in the religious services held on Thanksgiving Day, or other important occasions. I am happy to state that no such distinctions are made in this Institution, and the results of last Thursday afforded abundant proof of the wisdom of our Superintendent's decision. Have we any just reason to believe that because one is deprived of the senses of speech and hearing, he is therefore unable to appropriate to their full extent the blessings of God, or is unable to express his feelings of gratitude for the same?

At half-past one o'clock all repaired to the dining-hall, the tables of which were strewn with various edibles, the principal feature of course being roasted turkey. At night all the pupils, some two hundred in number, assembled in the boys' study-room to pleasantly pass away the time in various games and social intercourse. It was a pleasant sight indeed to see all apparently so happy and enjoying themselves so well. "Ah!" said an old gentleman to me, as he gazed upon the happy faces around him, "it causes my cold heart to thrill with emotions of delight as I gaze upon the unfeigned joy and pleasure depicted upon the surrounding faces, and it rises with feelings of thankfulness unto the great Author who forgetteth not the wants of even his silent children of misfortune. The party broke up at ten o'clock, all mutually pleased with the manner in which they had spent Thanksgiving.

The following is an outline of the sermon delivered by Mr. S. J. Vail:

This day has been set apart by the President of our Country as a day of public thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty and kind Creator, and it is only proper and right that all churches should hold appropriate services in accordance with the President's proclamation. Our Country and ourselves have much to be thankful for.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, the Pilgrim Fathers embarked from Holland, trusting to God's blessing upon their intended voyage; braved the perils of the deep in the ship "May Flower," and the sufferings of a life in the wilderness of the New World, in order to escape the persecutions to which they were subjected for their religion in the Old World, and in order that they might be free to worship God according to their own consciences.

After a long and dangerous voyage they reached the coast of New England, during the cold month of December, 1620, and landed on Plymouth Rock. Terrible were their sufferings from cold and sickness, but they were not discouraged, because they had strong faith in God. Almost destitute of

provisions in mid-winter, and with no means of building comfortable houses, one after another died, until, when spring came at last, half of their number were resting in their graves. But under all their hardships and discouragements they never lost faith in God, and after months and years of trials and hardship they gradually increased in number and prosperity through the blessing of God. They established the custom of observing every year a day of public thanksgiving and praise to God for his goodness and mercy.

When we compare our Country in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, with what it is now—with its millions of people enjoying all mercantile advantages; with innumerable inventions and improvements in agriculture and other useful arts; with its civil and religious freedom and privileges, we see how God has blessed our country.

Our country, formerly, was occupied by multitudes of Indian inhabitants, and uncultivated, but they have nearly disappeared except in the far West, and in their place, has come a race of civilized people who are turning the wilderness into a garden.

By the hands of our agricultural and horticultural men, we have seen abundance of various grains and fruits gathered during the past year. Our barns and cellars are full of the products of the field, the garden and the orchard. All these come to us through the loving kindness of God, to whom we should be thankful that "our paths drop fatness." So then let us unite in worship and in giving praise to the bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift, and raise our hearts to Him while we enjoy our feast of gratitude.

Before our introduction to the light of knowledge we were ignorant of our Creator, and had no ideas of accountability to our Almighty Maker, nor of our obligations to our Saviour, and no conception of a future state of reward and punishment. Let us rejoice in God and be thankful for his great kindness in delivering us from the chains of ignorance and for giving us the means of acquiring religious education and other useful knowledge through the sign-language.

How grateful ought we to be to the kind Providence which has led our teachers to devise means for our instruction, and good men to labor for our benefit. And we should be thankful that this Institution has been so liberally supported by the State, and so ably managed by our Board of Trustees and our Superintendent, who watch over its interests, and, with the blessing of God, have made it so prosperous and useful. Most of our Institutions in the South were obliged to close during the war; their pupils were scattered and their education interrupted, but now that peace has come—they have again been opened to receive a goodly gathering of "children of silence."

We see twenty-five States of our Union furnishing the means for educating the Deaf and Dumb. It was God's providence which led to the discovery of the means.

We ought to be thankful to God that we still enjoy the blessings of the

free government for which our fore-fathers fought. In no country is there so much freedom of opinion to be found as in our Republic. Since the close of the war, the separation from friends and consequent anxiety is no more to bear,

We may pray that there will be no more such rebellion to cause so much suffering and death. We must be thankful that our country was saved and that our Union is in a fair way to be restored.

"May we stand forever in the same mind, remembering the devoted lives of our fathers; the precious inheritance of freedom received at their hands; the weight of glory which awaits the faithful and the infinity of blessings which it is our privilege, if we will, to transmit to the countless generations of the future."

LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MR. EDITOR:—I think the largest deaf-mute land owner this side of Mason and Dixon's line, if not in the United States, is Mr. Thomas N. Head, of Hooksett, N. H., one of those whose influence helped to start the FRIEND.

He owns in all, farm and woodland, eight hundred and thirty-two acres; one hundred and fifty-five acres in the home farm at Hooksett, and the rest is woodland in Vermont, near the Canada line. There is a splendid saw-mill and water privilege on this land, for which Mr. Head has refused ten thousand dollars,

His second son, who was a captain in the Union army during the late war, has charge of the saw-mill and is now running it night and day with a large number of men. He turns off about ten thousand feet of lumber per day, and has an order for one hundred and fifty thousand feet. Most of the lumber goes to Portland, Me., over the Grand Trunk Railroad.

Mr. Head manages all his large business himself. He is well and widely known as a man whose credit is undoubted and whose word is as good as gold. He is looking for more land, as he thinks that is the best thing in which to invest money.

He inherited the most of the Hooksett farm from his father, but his own energy and industry have improved it and made the rest of his fortune.

Mrs. Head is one of the three Denison Sisters, (deaf-mutes) of Frances-town, N. H., and much of her husband's success in life is due to her intelligence, industry and frugality. Any one who calls on Mr. and Mrs. Head will find them hospitable and friendly, and will be most favorably impressed.

When a sufficient number of inhabitants shall have settled in the township where Mr. Head's land is situated to constitute a town, it is probable that it will be called Head's ville, Head's Mill, or something of that kind.

Capt. Head is a very popular man in the place and is already talked of for a number of offices. Mr. Head is a cousin of Nat. Head, well known as the Adjutant General of New Hampshire.

There have been three deaths of uneducated deaf-mutes within the past two years. All residents of New Hampshire; all well acquainted with each other; none of them married, and all died at an advanced age.

Louisa Weatherspoon was born in Francestown, near the residence of the well known Denison Sisters. She had a brother, a deaf-mute, who, while young, caught and mounted an unbroken colt, with neither bridle or halter. The colt ran furiously down a hill and threw him off. He struck on his head, fractured his skull, and died in a few hours.

Her father's death left her poor, but her own industry enabled her to buy a small piece of land and to build a small house upon it, in which she passed the rest of her life. She was remarkable for her skill in spinning and weaving, and never had the attention of a doctor. She was helpless for some time before her death and was much missed when she died. She was nearly eighty years of age.

The second one was John S. Currier; it is uncertain where he was born, but he once lived in Hopkinton; afterward at Sanbornton Bridge, and latterly at Fisherville.

He was a shoemaker by trade, and a good one too. He was taught Arithmetic when young, and was very good at keeping accounts. When the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb was opened, his father refused to send him to be educated, but compelled him to work hard until he was too old to go.

He could talk by signs pretty well, although he did not use the same signs as do educated mutes. He was a great joker and made much fun for those who could understand him. One day, while on his way to a pond for fish, he took the rail-road track; a train came along and knocked him down. His feet were badly bruised and he sustained internal injuries from which he never fully recovered. He was placed in a hospital and never afterwards took any interest in any kind of work; depending on his friends for support until he died. His age was sixty-eight,

Joel Lovejoy, born in Concord, was a farmer. Like Mr. Currier, he was never sent to school, but his sister, Charlotte, was more fortunate, having attended school at the American Asylum for two years. She is now living on the Town Farm in West Concord.

Joel was a good farm hand, but his naturally quick temper often made trouble. He was employed by Thomas Brown of Henniker for many years and afterwards lived in Concord till he was over sixty-two years of age, when an old disease overtook him and he died,

Keep a careful account of your personal and family expenses. It will help the household economies and better enable you to be both just and generous. Above all, keep a daily account with God, lest at the final reckoning you have nothing to cover an eternal loss; for "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

MANUAL ALPHABETS.

NUMBER ONE

THE manual alphabet is by no means a modern invention. There were manual alphabets used in very early times, as early at least as the time of Solon, and probably long before. Dr. Peet supposes that when Solomon speaks of those persons who "speak with the feet and teach with the fingers," (Proverbs VI: 13,) he alludes to some mode of furtive communication on forbidden subjects, resembling the early manual alphabets, used by children in schools, to exchange words without being detected by the master.

The earliest alphabets we know of were founded on the ancient signs for numbers. The Greeks and Romans, at a very early day, had a regular and ingenious system of notation by means of positions of the hands and fingers.

I have seen a very rare and curious little book in the Library of the New York Institution, written by the venerable Bede, who lived in England more than a thousand years ago, and printed at Ratisbon early in the sixteenth century, in which these ancient signs for numbers were described, and the uses of them also for representing letters explained,

The signs for numbers were made in this way :

The units, up to nine, were represented by inflections of the three last fingers of the left hand. To these were added inflections of the thumb and index finger to denote tens. The same positions which denoted tens on the left hand, being transferred to the right, denoted hundreds, and the position that marked units on the left, being, when seen on the right, one place further to the right, now marked as many thousands. As numbers in all these four places could be displayed simultaneously, any number of thousands, hundreds, tens and units, less than ten thousand, could be presented on the hands at once.

Pliny speaks of an ancient statue of Janus, at Rome, the hands of which were sculptured in the positions representing the number 355, which was the number of days in the lunar year of Numa. (See Dr. Peet's Historical Sketch in the Proceedings of the First Convention.)

The Greeks and other eastern nations used all the letters of their alphabet for the notation of numbers. Hence, as every letter denoted some number, A for 1, B for 2, &c., it was a very easy step to reverse this, and make each sign for a number denote a letter.

The Romans, who did not use all the letters of their alphabet to denote numbers, had a manual alphabet in which each letter was denoted by the sign or the number indicating its place in the alphabet, which would correspond nearly with the Greek method. The Romans had also another alphabet used for communications which those making them did not wish to be known

to the bystanders, in which each letter was denoted by touching some part of the face or body the name of which began with that letter, e, g: Aurem, (ear,) Barba, (beard,) Caput, (head,) Dentes, (teeth,) etc. These alphabets seem to have been generally known, at least to the learned and curious, from very early times, and it is remarkable that, so far as we know, no one ever thought of using them for the instruction of the deaf and dumb till the time of Ponce and Bonet, the early Spanish teachers, the former of whom died in 1584. I propose to pursue the subject in another number, perhaps two or three.

ROBERTSON.

Ladies' Department.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES.

A new monthly journal, has been started under the editorial charge of Mr. Wm. Martin Chamberlain, whose long experience and superior intelligence so well fit him for the post.

The new paper, which is sure to prove a credit, both to itself and to its Editor, has very appropriately been christened "*The Deaf-Mutes' Friend*." Some may ask, why such a name? Simply because it promises to be a true and faithful *friend* to deaf-mutes every where, and they should therefore give it their hearty support, encouragement and approval both by their subscriptions and the efforts of their minds.

There are some among us who are gifted with splendid mental attainments and an ability to use language equal to the hearing; and many others who can write and think far above the average. As there is to be a "Ladies Department" in the *Friend*, let the ladies themselves strive to make this department interesting, instructive and useful. How can we do this? By contributing articles suitable for it; by sending in useful hints, suggestions or advice; and by otherwise doing all that we can for the success and circulation of the paper. Let us not be afraid to send articles to the Editor. If they are suitable, he will insert them; if they can be made suitable, he will fix them and thank us for the ideas, and if our first efforts are not right, he will kindly tell us so, give us some idea what he wants and ask us to try again. No one but himself will know who writes articles and so there is no need to be afraid.

All of us, my sisters, have more or less useful ideas which, if sent to the *FRIEND*, would do much good, and is it not our duty, our *pleasant* duty, we ought to say, to do all we can?

Please remember, that an Editor cannot do all the thinking necessary to make a *good* paper; he needs help, and every little favor which he gets in

the form of ideas, hints, &c. is thankfully received and makes his task more easy and pleasant. For all that we do, we shall be repaid with interest in reading the pages of the FRIEND and reflecting that we did what we could towards making it interesting.

The Editor proposes to make the FRIEND a really living paper, and as nothing is perfect, (so he says) unless the ladies have a hand in it, let us, I repeat, do our best.

As a special favor to the rest of the sister-hood, will not you all aid in this good enterprise, and do something towards it by words of kindness and cheer; sending forth, into near and far away homes, comfort, instruction and gems of thought. All lady readers of this will not be deaf-mutes, and while we, who are similarly afflicted, speak more particularly to our own class, still we also speak to those of the hearing who may feel disposed to aid in the work.

Every one has a life-history, no matter what is the station in life, and it must be that each one, from experience or observation, can contribute something for the good of humanity.

In conclusion, we earnestly appeal to you all to do what you can for the "*Deaf-Mutes Friend*," and you will have the thanks of the Editor and of all those (their name is legion) who are resolved that it shall not fail for lack of contributors, correspondents, subscribers or means.

There are semi-mutes among you; please stir up your mental faculties; write for either the Religious or Ladies' Department. Let us not be behind the gentlemen in either contributions or other things. We hope our remarks may be effectual and, for ourself, we commence our new task of contributing with courage, hope of success and a determination to push forward and onward and never to weary in well doing; and we hope all our sisters will do the same. Our reward will come in due time, even when we least expect it.

STELLA.

Geo. Kent, Esq., of Amherst, N. H., the famous deaf-mute trout catcher, sends the following score of his fishing for the five months of the fishing season of 1868, and challenges the deaf-mute community to equal it:

Trout, 1,900; pickerel, 452; other fish, 900; eels, 2.

We think Mr. Kent might challenge the country outside of the deaf-mute community with tolerable safety.

He remarks that he has devoted much time, during many years, to fishing and that he has caught between twenty and thirty thousand fish of all kinds.

He also says that he might have caught many more, but, like all true sportsmen, he has respected the laws and fished only in the time which they allowed.

— Short reckonings make long friends.

Marriages.

In Brattleboro', Vt., Oct. 15th, by Rev. James Eastwood, Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Ada E. Reed, of Dummerston, Vt. (Both graduates of the Am. Asylum.)

In Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 18th, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, in New York City, Mr. Henry J. Haight, of New York, to Miss Mollie L. Church, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. B. Church, of Memphis. (Both graduates of New York Institution.)

Deaths.

In Salisbury City, Mo., Oct. 25th, Adelaide S., wife of Edmund W. Stone, aged 33 years, 8 months. (A graduate of Penn. Inst.)

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We shall appoint other agents soon, whose names will appear in due time.

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